## THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"Unit Libertys, in Patria."-Cleero .- "Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO., THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3 1841.

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From the N. Y. Herald.
A LITTLE WORD.

One small word has often decided the fate of a life, for weal or wor; one little word has broken many a fair maiden's heart, and sent thousands down sorrowing to an early grave. One little word has often decided a battle and the fate of nations; one word has done more than we have now time to tell, either in prose or rhyme-

A little word in kindness spoken.
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend since e.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would blest life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

## A YANKEE IN RUSSIA.

The following is the substance of a story as told by Mr. Dallas at a public dinner given him at Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1829:

One day a lad, apparently about 19, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, secusors half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, "I have just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor."

'Why do you wish to see him?'
'I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.'

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, 'it is such a common thing my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?'

'An acore.'

An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor an acorn?'

'Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension, and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself, I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it and I want to

'My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor, and I am afraid he will take no no tice of your present. You had better keep it.'

'I tell you that I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to do something. The long and the short on't is, I sha'nt be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family.'

'Well sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you: but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chanceller and state your wishes: he may possibly assist you.'

'Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, & let you know how I get on.'

In two or three days he again appeared and said,

'Well, I've seen the emperor and had a talk with
him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I
gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store
by it; that no character in ancient or modern history
he admired so much as he did our Washington he said
ho'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand,
and he did it—for I see him with my own eyes. He
wanted to ask me so much about our schools and rail
roads, and one thing or other, that he invited me to
come again and see his wife; for he said she[could speak
better English than he could. So I went again yester—
day; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you, and

his daughters are nice gals."

'What did the Empress say to you?'

'Oh, she asked me a sight of questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky. I told her poor folks did their own work; but rich folks had plenty o' servants. 'But then you don't call 'om servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' I guess, ma'am you've been reading Mrs. Trollope? said I—we had that book abeard our ship. 'The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself.—'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for snEnglish copy, and she's been reading is this very morning.' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightly pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I had sold

and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?'
'Ne, indeed I did not, my ladt. You may well consider yourself lucky: for its a very uncommon thing for erowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinc-

all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should

go back in the same ship. I bid 'e.n good bye all rounds

A few days after he called again, and said, 'I guess I shall stay a spell longer, I'm treated so well. 'Tother day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; & I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; I've been to the theate and to the squeeum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg, What do you think of that Mr Dallast

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly ladshould be thus landed with attentions, that the ambaseader scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time his strange visitor re-appeared. Well, said he, 'I have made up my mind, to go home, so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good bye. I thought I could'nt do no less, he'd been so civil. Says

be, 'is there any thing rise you'd like to see Leftire you go back to America?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow, for I'd heard considerable, about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about Gen Bonapaste; but it would cost a sight o'money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good bye, and come off. Now what do you gness he did, next morning! I yow he sant the same man in regimentals to carry me to Moscow, in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see! And we are going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?'

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee by passed the ambassador's house, in a splendid coach and four, waiving his handkerchief and shouting 'good sheel good bye!'

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the emperor that all the perticulars related by this adventurious youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, visited by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually hestowed on ambassactors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.

Now who but a Yankee could have done all that?

RUNNING A MUCK.

Only one way is thought, by the religious Malay, to lead straight to heaven, and on this he resolved; he effered up his prayers, performed his ablutions, and prepared to "run a muck." The fanatic who thus determines, vows to his God to destroy every living thing he may meet on his path; to spare neither sex or relationship, to turn reither to the right nor tho left, but to sacrifice all indiscriminately, till he himself in turn is sacrificed. He first proceeds to oil his body all over to clude capture as long as possible, [for the more victims he makes the more certain is his road to heaven.) He casts off everything that may be caught at, shaves his head, lest he should be seized by the hair; takes a very large portion of opium or some other maddening poison, then arming himself with a knife or creece in either hand, he rushes forth to immolate all he may encounter.

## TEMPTATION.

Mark the character of every associate; look into it with a penetrating eye, and if you see the equilibrium of his mind beginning to fall on the side of immorality & vice, forsake his company instantly, lest you be assimilated into his practices, and be drawn imperceptibly into those paths which you now detest and abhor. Yield but once to the tempter and a thousand chances to one that you are undone. The principles that have been inculcated in childhood, and followed up day by day, and year by year, will be foreaken, and the gray hairs of those who have loved and cherished you will be brought in sorrow to the grave. Perhaps you think the language of those who address you is too strong—that their fears are groundless. Can it be? An angel's eloquence could not be too powerful, when such a gem as the immortal mind is at stake. Wereyou trembling on the verge of a crumbling precipice, you might well say, that strong exertions in your behalf were vain and futile. It is not your body alone that is in jeopardy. It is in the unseen principle within; the spark lit up by the Deity himselt, which the Atlantic cannot quench, nor the Alps conceal. They consider no exertions too great on their part to save the gem untarnished —as immaculate and bright as when it came from its Creator, that when it bursts away from its frail casket it may wing its way to holier worlds to shine with increasing splendor when the universe is blotted from existence. We appeal to you young men, and ponder the question well, can you be too careful of entering into temptation? Turn away with disgust from the appearance of evil. Parley not with it. Look from it, and you will be safe; and many hearts will be gladdened to see you come forth into active life, purified by adherence to the advice of those in whom you should put implicit confi-

From the Old Dominion,

[The following tale was written for the editor of the Old Dominion, by one of the most highly gifted poets in in America.]

CONFESSIONS.

I am the only son of reputable and wealthy parents. Early in life I entered into a mercantile house in New York for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the business, proparatory to commencing on my own responsibility, a mercantile career .- At this time I was eighteen, and had but recently returned from my academic studies at New Haven. My person at that early period, was good; my mind polished by education and my manners if not graceful, were easy. I was glad of heart and ambitious of distinction-eager for the reputation of integrity, and an enthusiast in my admiration of genius. My associates were reputable and the sons of gentlemen - the prost pect before me was excellent, and my life glided onward like a placid stream.

It was within a few weeks of my nineteenth birth day; that I became acquainted with Amelia Montforn. She was a being of perfect virtue, of transcendent beauty, and of uncommon mind—had an eye for the beauties of nature, and a soul for the spell of posey. She was three years my junior; her beauty rather in the blosem than the bud, and her intellect more remerkable for its gift of imagination than for its power. She had mingled little in society—knew less of the heartlessness of mankind, and her heart was the temple of enthus

siastic and ardent feelings. For myself, I had mingled much in female socety; had pressed many a thin red lip," and bowed before many a rich dark eye. But Ameha was a glad creature, a 'girl in gentleness,' and a high souled woman' in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was even blended with esteem. Mingled in her tem! persment, also, there was a tinge of romances it was the romance rather of devoted feeling than of affected sentiment: and even when her affec rons were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the idol, itry which would mengle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the beau ideal of my fancy. and ere I know her many months, I was her

My though a were bound up to be 1.0.2.00 my feelings; affection but imparted to my character at new inger, and to my bubble and office rent. In my elementary, with that being, I was squeen to happy. There was encountained to the very a member she breathed; my did me cought their did plans raptures from her memory, and my we king thoughts dwelt constantly in Amelia. She was worthy of all my regard; worther of all me devotion; a divers hour seemed but to unfold some es-

time by the ten in her character.

When I are weary years of age we were money, by father solic quicked he business in my five, and life guided on for another were also makened in pair ess.

Harting in . I had gone out mere frequent to changle with the world; became interested to passe and thirs of for power. I was engred in a lucrative mercantile career; my family was influential, and my aid readily accepted if not courted, by the wily and perfidit ous minious of office. Gradually I became interested in political warfare; gradually I forget the epeti of my wife's virtue and affections; and gradually there was a delirium and joy in the wine cup, and I became one of the votaries of Bacchus.

I cannot portray how insidiously the charm wove in my senses, and fritted away my faculties. It now seems as a terrible and impossible dream—but the horrors of that dream are imprinted with letters of fire upon my brain. The agonies of my remorse have been as serpents gnawing the tendenest vitals of my existence. I gaze back upon the past, and would fain blot its hallowed moments from the page of my being.

page of my being.

But to continue. With "stealthy step and slow," I became the victim of intemperance; neglected my business and was a bankrupt; was at first pointed at and pitied by my friends and relatives, and at last shunned and despised as a diegrace and a dishonor.

It was many months before my wife could bring herself to the conviction that I was a drunkard. I that had come to her in youth & beauty; I that had called forth and broken up the inmost recesses of my sou! I that was applauded for my integrity; honored for my vir tue; and emulated for my character! how could she deem me a drunkard; a loathed and contemptible sot; a disgrace to my name, and a disgrace to humanity!

She closed her eyes for a weary period upon a truth so horrible, and endeavored to shut out from her senses and understanding the blackness of my guilt! Oh, God! how that being clung to, and worshiped me, even amid the abject contumely of my degradation. How she wept, and persuaded, and endeavored to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyments and to keep me, even for one night from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime! How she "threw her white arms around me," and besought me, with earnest looks to remember my early vows to remember my own happiness-her peace of mind, and my father's cares for the sake of his only child, and the heir to his hitherto unspotted fame. Oh, my God! how impossible it seems that I should have persuasions-how impossible it seems that I could have gone forth after such a ecene as this, and bathed my senses like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and bask in the innocent smiles of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away my shame and anguish in tears of blood! But in vain now is the agony of my remorse -- in vain do I repent of early error, and invoke the past hours

It was probably three years after my marraige that I become a bankrupt—the progress of my debasement from that period was rapid I gave myself completely up to intemperance. The intoxicating draught operated upon my mind, like some bewildered spell of infatuation I was unable to turn away from the tide of ignominy which was hurrying me to the vortex of destruction.—My mind, though it did not actually decay seemed somewhat affected with my body. My affections were becombed and torpil, and the sympathies of my bosom held affinity with note in both drank.

And the mass abject poverty, my wife shared my dectary. Breated and distorted as were my features, who still imag ned she saw in its traces of my early condition.—And when in some fittel moment of remores and sanity, I professed repectance; when for a moment, I told her that my affection for her still lived—Oh! God! what a flish of joy overspread the features of my poor Amelia—what a thrill of repture seemed tingling through her voins, as she still hoped to save mo.

Then she would tell me over all my prospects of retrieving my fortune—that I was yet young that my father would receive me back into his confidence—that she would love and cherish me—and then, for a moment melted and overcome, I would promise her to reform. But I could not. The curse was upon me, and in vain I endeavored to shake it off.

At last my poor wife grew sick; she bore up for a long season under her suffering, but finally her heart broke—and she died.

I had bumanity enough left to know the extent of the evil I had inflicted—but in the horrors of the moment I had but one source the bowl the accursed bowl. Again and again I sipped of its deep damnation.

A little longer, and I was a spectacle disgusting to the philanthropist. A beggar and a drunkard, I wandered through the streets of my native city, an object of contempt and shame. My father spurped me from his door—but shash the old man was but a little while for this world

the of measurement soon bore his grey hairs with a strow to the grave. He bequeathed his fortune to a distant relative.

At the time of his death I was a tenant of the alms house, being a victim of mania potu, and a maniac.

For a long time I struggled with death but I was yet young and I finally recovered. My form was now emacrated, and my countenance grastly.

My mind has somewhat recovered its for-

My mind has somewhat recovered its former toparity, but as my reason floated back,
Good God! what horrid images mingled among
my memories. I was the murderer of my wife
—I was a parricide; and my father's dying
groans and malediction, seemed like an eternal knell to my cars.

I have toted a tile of the most appalling sufferings and misery; and now, whilst I totter on the brink of eternity, I am still a drunkard! If ever a human being has suffered for the crime of drunkenness, that being am I. I have healtated often as to launching myself into as nother world, but resolved to bear the agony of my reflections and the horrors of my condition as an a onement for my crimes.

I am a mardered! I feel as I linger on the confines of this world, that I have murdered the wife of my bosom I feel that I have sent my father in his old age with sorrow to his tomb! But oil have I not by living in equal of misery, a degradation and in infamy, suffered more than a thousand deaths? Forgive, I be seech thee O God, in this my last and mortal hour of anguish! Forgive, me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father. Angels of heaven, I pray ye for give me! And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I be seech you, the intoxicating bowl.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY - Ancient Temperance Relic -In the year 1758, Capt. Andrew Ward, of Guilford, commanded a com pany of Provincial soldiers in the service of George II, at the taking of the island of Cape Breton. While in the service he drew money in lieu of his rations of spirite, with which he purchased four silver table epoons, one for each of his children. The word, 'Louisburgh' was marked on each spoon, that his children might remember how he used his rum." These spoons were made by Mr. Billious Ward, father of Col. James Ward, of this city, Of all his descendants, (and there has been more than one hundred, ) but one has been intemperate. Gen. A Foote, Esq. of Guilford, one of Capt. Ward's descendante, has politely deposited one of these spoons with the Connecticut Historical Society, to be exhibited among other interesting articles kindly furnished by those who feel desirous of preserving the remaining relics of our forefathers .- Hartford Cou ant.

A PATRIOTIC PRESBYTERIAN -- Hear me while I give you an incident furnished by another hand: 'When the Declaration of Independance was under debate in the Continental Congres, doubt and forebodings were whispered through the hall. The House hesitated, wavered, and for a while the liberty and slavery of the cour try appeared to hang in even scale. It was then an aged patriotic arose-a venerable and stately form-his head white with the frosts of venre. Every eye went to him with the quick ness of thought, & remained with the fixedness of the polar stare He cast on the assembly a look of inexpressible interest, and unconquerable detirmination; while on his visage the hue of age was lost in the flush of burning patriotism that fired his cheek. 'There is,' said he when he saw the House wavering, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men-a nick of time -we perceive it now before us. To hesitate, is to consent to our slavery. That noble instrument upon our table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the House. He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of a freeman. For my own part, of property I have some-of reputation more. That reputation is staked, that property is pledged on the issue of this of this contest. And although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinately rather they should descend thither by the hands of the public executioneer than depert at thre crists the sacred cause of my country.' Who was it that uttered this memornbie speech-potent in turning the scales of a nation's destiny, and worthy to be preserved in the same imperishable record in which is registered the not more eloquent speech ascrib ed to John Adams on the same sublime occaiou? It was John Witherspoon, at that day the most distinguished Presbyterian minister west of the Atlantic ocean-the father of the Presbyterian Church in the United States."-Rev. J. M. Krebe.

THE PEASANT AND THE EMPEROR -A Persian emporer, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advanced towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied, 'I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the emporor. "You censure without case,' repiled the peasant, 'I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be any real age, which has been passed in serving the Deity and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the eingularity of the remark, observed, ' Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection." ' Prue," answered the sage; "but since others have planted that we might

ent, it is right that we should plant for the beneff. of others. "Excel on I'exclaimed the art peror, upon which (as was the custom where any one was honored with the applaute of the sovereign,) a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold; on receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a lew obeleance, and added: 'O King! other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forte years; but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted" "Bravel" said the man arch, and a recond purse of gold was presented ed, when the old man exclaimed, "the trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but man have yielded two crops in one day.' Des lightfull' exclaimed the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given, after which, putting eques to his horse, the monarch retreated, saylost thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

## NEWSPAPER LAW.

The law is, and so the courts decide, that the person to whom a paper is sent is responsed sible for the payment, if he receive the paper or make use of it even though he never subscribed for it. His duty in such case is not to take the paper from the office or place where it is left, but to notify the publisher that he does not wish for it. If papers are sent to a post office, store, tavern, or other place and me not taken by the person to whom they are sent, the postmaster, store or tavern keeper, &c. is responsible for the payment unless he immediately give notice to the publisher that they are not taken from the office or place where they are sent.

Extract from the Post Office Regulations, page 50, section 118. "In every instance in which papers that come to your office are not taken out by the person to whem they are sent you will give immediate notice of it to the publisher, adding the reason, if known, why the papers are not taken out."

JONATHAN CILLEY. -- A monument of granite, 17 feet high, with a white marble urn, has been erected, at a cost of \$500 to the memory of the martyr to a false code of honor.

HATE APPARENT.—A chap recently arrived at New Orleans, from Paris, with his bair so long, that he is obliged to go to a rope walk, every morning to get his head "hackled." It is also stated that the vessel he sailed in, was three days ou, before the last lock of it was "cleared" at the custom house.

If the following,—which is a true copy, spetling, punctuation, and capitals of a letter received by a mercantile house of this city, may be taken as an example of the education of the inhabitants, we should say that Womnelsdorff is not situated in one of the accepting school districts, and that the achool moster was not only abroad, but had remained there some time.

Womneledorff Decembre th 11 1840
Deer Frainds the Fue Cents in the old Bill
is Setelt thir: Wir A Fue Attokeels Charget,
in the Bill Wich Wir Nat Received and i infaurm your Clarke Of the Same and, her
Gave me A Receipt in Full; when i Meade the
New Bill of Kaufe Mister—: Will Pay
you ffin Full fore the Neu Bill.

Yours GLORIOUSLY HOAXED. - The Good folks of Hollidaysburg, Pa., a few days since. A middle aged man arrived in the place, having under his protection a very pretty girl. He was Bill Johnston, the Canadian patriot, and the maiden was "Caroline, the heroine of the thousand iler." The good people of the town were in raptures, the old folks feasted the father, and the young ones idolized the daugher. A mere Canadian patriot would have been a windfall, but Bill Johnston-O! hugus!-and his fair daughter tool-the whole town went crazy; a puree of \$200 was raised for poor Bill, and various breastpine, watches, etc. etc. were presented to the fair Caroline. Thus maters progressed for several days, until one remarkably fine morning, the good folks woke up and discovered themselves "pretty well" done." The patriotic pair had flown, and with them had disappeared watches, cash, rings; and all, and the citizens swore never to patronise patriots again .- Phil. Times.

POT AND KETTLE.—"I say, Pete Buckram, wy de debbie you always want to cum to confiums so experaciously, and employ such hypereillious lanwidge in your disgonal conbersation on de inordinate topics ob de day, dat require to be equilibremated to de aberegastandard ob public misprehension, which nebber can and nebber will compressate such superlunar experiarities?"

What dat you say, Sam? Look aheah, child—wid all dis scholar's collegium eddifumcation, and as profundationally as Joe perforated de mysteries of dictionarial deflexions, I must confess that de general tender of ob your remarks am altogedder too exflorescent for my obtrusive intellect. Guess you went to school one day longer dan dis nigger, any hos."

A man in Syracuse is putting up a building of such immense strength and magnitude, the it will require a stone pavement of remarkable strength to support the shadow only.

"Are you not going to educate your children?" it was asked of an old German farmer in Pennsylvania. "No, my oldest son learnt to write, and he forged my name."

It is a great folly for a man to muse souch on such things as pass his understanding.

The reasoning of the farmer was just, if